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I HATE YOU, NOMAD™

HIDDEN IN VIEW FINALE!

DIRECT EDITION
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SAMUEL CLARKE / IAN BAKER
& Bill Anderson

Jack Monroe. A failed super soldier. A fallen super hero. Wandering the highways and byways of this vast land, Monroe tries to discover himself, by discovering America.

Stan Lee presents

NOMAD

SOMEWHERE ALONG THE *SABINE RIVER* ON THE TEXAS/LOUISIANA BORDER...

SPLUSH

SPLUSH

THWAK!

FLUUUSH

HIDDEN IN VIEW
Part Four
"Love, Hate & Everything In Between"

By

Fabian Nicieza

&

Pat Olliffe

NOMAD ™ **Vol. 2, No. 15, July, 1993.** (ISSN #1064-4268) Published by MARVEL COMICS. Terry Stewart, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. **SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** Published monthly. Copyright © 1993 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.75 per copy in the U.S. and $2.25 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. $21.00; Canadian subscribers must add $8.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. All other foreign countries must add $12.00. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. NOMAD (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. **POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO NOMAD, c/o MARVEL COMICS, 9TH FLOOR, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.** Printed in Canada.

HAFF

OUGHFF --BUCKY--?!

WAAAAGHH

WHO ARE YOU?

I'M YOUR WOST NIGHT-MARE--

BILL ANDERSON
GREG ADAMS • INKERS

CHRIS ELIOPOULOS • LETTERER

TOM SMITH • COLORS

GLENN HERDLING • EDITS

TOM DEFALCO • EDITOR IN CHIEF

"--I'M YOU!!

IT'S BEEN THE *WEIRDEST* NIGHT OF MY LIFE.

AND AFTER MY STAY IN *ALBUQUERQUE*, THAT'S *REALLY* SAYING QUITE A BIT.

LOOK AT WHAT A WASTE YOU'VE BECOME, JACK!

GEEZ, MAN! WHEN YOU WERE ME, YOU HAD OPPORTUNITIES!

WAAUGH

SHUT UP, KID.

WHERE WAS I?

LOOK AT YOU!

LOOK AT ME.

DAZED. CONFUSED. LOST.

BEATEN DOWN BY WHAT I WAS.

UNCERTAIN ABOUT WHAT I AM.

NO CLUE ABOUT WHERE I'M GOING.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S SCREWING ME UP MORE--

--NOT KNOWING WHO THIS GUY PRETENDING TO BE A YOUNGER VERSION OF ME IS--

--OR KNOWING THAT HE'S RIGHT!

C'MON, HIPPIE COMMIE PINKO LIBERAL PUNK!

KCHTHUD

WHAT TURNED YOU INTO THIS? MADE YOU START DOUBTING WHAT YOU BELIEVED IN?

MADE YOU START QUESTIONING AMERICA?!

I'M -- A BETTER MAN -- NOW -- THAN I -- EVER WAS --

ARE YOU REALLY NOW?

THEN WHY DO YOU HAVE SO MUCH HATE IN YOU?

AND WHY ARE YOU FACE DOWN IN THE MUD RIGHT NOW?

WAAAGH

FWUPH

FASHA FWOO THWOO?

WELL, JACK, WHY IS IT SO MUCH EASIER TO FIND THE *DESPAIR* IN YOU THAN THE *RESOLVE*?

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR RIGHTEOUSNESS?

THAT COCKY *ARROGANCE* THAT ALWAYS *KNEW* WHAT WAS FOR THE BEST?

WAS IT *YOU*, KID?

DID YOU MAKE MY BOY A DOUBTING-THOMAS?

HMMM. FASCINATING.

LET'S FIND OUT WHAT HE SEES IN YOU.

... I'M WELL AWARE OF THE... *TROUBLES*... YOU HAD WITH YOUR *SON* DOWN IN *TEXAS*.

HEARD ABOUT THAT ONE, DIDJA, *BART*.

WELL, LIFE GETS INTERESTIN' WHEN IT GETS COMPLI-CATED, RIGHT?

OOOH, I LIKE THAT ONE, *HUGH*.

YOU'LL LIKE *THIS* ONE EVEN MORE.

THAPT

CYBEROPTICS-- SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED

YOU WANT YOUR APPROPRIATIONS BILL ON THAT *SUPER-SOLDIER GUN* T'GO THROUGH-- WELL, YOU GOT THE COMPANY TO DO IT RIGHT WHERE YOU WANT 'EM.

INSIDE THE HALLS OF CONGRESS. WASHINGTON, D.C....

SENATOR INGRID, I MUST THANK YOU FOR SEEIN' ME ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE.

AND DID I EVER TELL YOU WHAT A *STRONG* GRIP I HAVE?

THIS IS *BIG*. WHAT DO YOU WANT IN RETURN, HUGH?

THERE'S A *NAME* ON THIS SLIP OF PAPER.

NOT AT ALL, *SENATOR GREIDER*...

WHEN THE GUN GETS TURNED ON -- AH WANT THAT NAME TA BECOME *TARGET PRACTICE*...

CLUTIER, IOWA...

NOK NOK NOK

HELLO--?

GOOD AFTERNOON. MRS. JILL COLTRAIN, IS IT?

IF YOU'RE SELLING, MISTER -- AIN'T IT OBVIOUS I AIN'T BUYING?

OH, YOU WILL BUY WHAT I HAVE TO OFFER, MADAM.

MY NAME IS GISCARD EPURER. I TRADE IN FAVORS.

I DO FOR YOU TODAY, YOU DO FOR ME TOMORROW.

AND WHAT DO YOU DO FOR ME TODAY, MR. HAYPOORAY?

YEAH? AND WHAT COULD I EVER DO FOR YOU?

YOU TELL ME ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING YOU REMEMBER ABOUT YOUR LONG-LOST, LITTLE BABY BROTHER.

AHEM. I PROVIDE YOU THE MONEY YOU NEED TO AVOID THE IMMINENT FORECLOSURE OF YOUR LATE HUSBAND'S FARM.

TELL ME WHAT YOU CAN RECALL ABOUT JACK MONROE...

A MOBILE HOME PARK IN BON WEIR, TEXAS...

WAAAA

WHAT IS IT THAT YOU WANT?!

WAA

WAAA

HAFF

GAAK

SNIFF SNIFF

WAAA

THAT'S IT!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH CRYING!!

LOOK AT ME, HOW *SILLY* I'M ACTING!

HERE'S A PERFECT OPPORTUNITY FOR ME TO LEARN SOME-THING ***NEW***--

--AND I FALL BACK ON TRIED, BUT TRUE, FORMULAS!

NO, IT WON'T BE THAT SIMPLE BETWEEN US, DARLING.

I WANT TO DO MORE THAN TEACH *YOU* HOW TO ***HATE.***

I DO ***THAT*** ALL THE TIME.

I WANT YOU TO TEACH ***ME,*** CHILD

I WANT TO LEARN ABOUT *INNOCENCE*--

--TEACH THE ***HATE MONGER*** HOW TO ***LOVE!***

IT'S ALL SO-- *PRIMAL*-- SO BASIC--

--NO WORDS-- JUST SIGHTS-- SOUNDS-- FEELINGS--

--NEEDING MORE THAN SHE IS PROVIDING YOU--

--HUNGRY-- UNCOMFORTABLE-- IN *PAIN*-- INSIDE MOMMY'S *WOMB*--

-- THEN THE CRYING STOPS--

--A VOICE-- A FACE-- LARGER THAN LIFE--

JACK-- WARM-- *STRONG*-- YOU SMELL HIS SWEAT-- FEEL HIS HAIR--

--SCOLDING-- HITTING YOU-- CRYING--A *LOT* OF CRYING--

--YOU FEEL PROTECTED-- *SAFE*-- HAPPY--

--SOMEONE *DIFFERENT*-- ONLY FOR A DAY--BUT YOU FELT JUST AS SAFE IN *HIS* ARM-- HMMM...

... MORE SOUNDS-- VOICES--*FRIENDS*-- THEY PAY ATTENTION TO YOU--

-- THEY BRING NOISE AND COMPLEXITY TO YOUR WORLD--

--YOUR DAYS BECOME MORE *DETAILED*--YOU'RE BECOMING MORE *AWARE*--

-- BUT THROUGH IT ALL --ONE THING-- ONE CONSTANT --

--HIM-- HIM --

--NOTHING BUT HIM AND HOW MUCH YOU LOVE HIM!!

SO MUCH LOVE INSIDE YOU --

FASHYEEAKKTT

MYARRARRRGH!

FWASHOO

OH, THAT HURT. OH, I LIKED THAT.

THAT'S THE ANSWER THEN, ISN'T IT?

I CAN'T GET THROUGH TO JACK'S HATE UNLESS I USE HIS LOVE --

--USE IT AS THE KEY TO UNLOCK THOSE DELICIOUS BARRIERS HE'S ERECTED AROUND HIMSELF.

OH, JACK -- WHAT OUTRIGHT JOYOUS PLEASURE IT WILL BE TO RAVAGE YOUR SOUL.

MMRRNG

MMFF

YEAH, KEEP RUNNING.

YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND ONE THING, PAL...

...WHEN IT COMES TO STOPPING PEOPLE WHO ARE FLEEING THE SCENE OF A CRIME...

...I LEARNED FROM THE *BEST!!*

NOWHERE LEFT TO RUN, WHEN YOU'VE TURNED YOUR BACK ON THE GOOD OL' U.S. OF A.!

FACHUNK

LOOK AT YOU, COMMIE-SIMP!

MATZAH-BALL EATING, ATOMIC BOMB SECRET-SELLING, MONEY-GRUBBING PIG!

NO-- PLEASE-- I'M SORRY--

YOU SURE ARE, PAL!

HEY, OLD CHUM, THAT'S NOT A PINKO...

WHOA-- YOU'RE RIGHT-- IT'S A BROWN-O!

SHAFUNK

NO BIG DEAL!

BLEEDS LIKE A REAL PERSON, DOESN'T HE?

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

EH--SMELL SOMETHING FUNNY? *FEAR*, MAYBE? SOMEONE MESSING THEIR OWN PANTS?

I--I USED TO *BE* YOU-- I DID THIS--

SURE YOU DID, JACK! C'MON-- ANGRY ABOUT IT?

WANT A *WHACK* AT ME?!

NO-- I --CAN'T KEEP DOING THIS--

--NNRGGH--

-- I CAN'T KEEP *BEATING* ON *MYSELF*...

... WHETHER IT'S A *DREAM* OR NOT...

... WHY IS THIS HAPPENING?

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT, JACKIE-BOY...

... YOU HAVE TO *FIGHT* AGAINST THE *ONE THING* YOU *FEAR* THE *MOST*.

SHUT UP, KID.

FASHWA-- YOOP--?

WHOEVER YOU *REALLY* ARE-- THAT'S A NO-GO.

I FOUGHT *THAT* FIGHT ALREADY. I *KNOW* WHERE I STAND WITH CAP.

NOT AGAINST *CAPTAIN AMERICA*-- BUT AGAINST WHAT HE *REPRESENTS*.

EVERYTHING YOU'RE *NOT*-- EVERYTHING YOU *WANT* TO BE-- EVERYTHING YOU NEVER *WILL* BE.

HOW CAN YOU RAISE THIS *DARLING* LITTLE BUNDLE OF LOVE IF *YOU'RE* SO SCREWED UP ABOUT THESE THINGS?

CAP?

NOOO!

IT RISES UP INSIDE OF ME-- THE *BILE*-- IT TASTES BITTER IN MY THROAT--

--THE *HATRED*, THE *ANGER*, THE *FRUSTRATION*--

--IS THIS *GUY DOING* THIS TO ME--

SPLUCHT

--OR IS ALL OF THAT STUFF STILL SO *MUCH* A *PART* OF *ME*--

--THAT PUSHING A FEW BUTTONS BRINGS IT ALL OUT TO THE SURFACE?

JACK... YOU ARE SOOO EASY.

FRAK

MAYBE-- MAYBE I AM--

FCHANG

CRAZY-BOY-- THAT'S WHAT I LOVE ABOUT YOU!

NOW HE'S *MAD-CAP*--COMPLETELY LOONY-TUNES GUY I FOUGHT TWO YEARS AGO--

THUK

--IS THIS GUY CASTING *ILLUSIONS* OR IS HE TURNING *INTO* THESE PEOPLE?

SHIFTING AGAIN--

WHY DREDGE UP ALL THESE OLD MEMORIES? ALL THESE OLD *ANGERS*... ALL THESE OLD *HATREDS*...

FIRST MET YOU IN *LOS ANGELES*, MR. MONROE.

DURING THAT RATHER DELIGHTFUL RIOT THAT OCCURRED.

BEEN FOLLOWING YOUR EXPLOITS FOR *SOME* TIME NOW, LAD.

DR. FAUSTUS. PYCHIATRIST WHO BELONGS IN THE NUTHOUSE.

NAIL HIM WHILE HE'S IN MID-SHIFT--

KRAKT

MMNNFF

GOOD SHOT, INJUN-JACK! GET A *HAIRCUT*, DUDE, THE SEVENTIES ARE *SO* IN, THEY'RE *OUT*.

NOW *TASKMASTER*...

OUCH--JACK--JOU HURT ME, EH?

NOW *SAFILIOS*.

HOW DOES HE KNOW ALL THIS? HOW DOES HE GET *INSIDE* MY MIND LIKE THIS?

I MUST ADMIT, JACK, YOU PLEASANTLY SURPRISE ME.

BECAUSE I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU THROW ME OFF?

GOOD. *BE* SURPRISED THEN.

KA POW

HIT BACK *HARD!*

MIND YOU, FEEB, THAT DON'T MEAN I CAN'T HIT *BACK!*

THAK

HEY-POO-POO, *DEADPOOL*, *BUSHWACKER*-- WE'RE ALMOST GETTING TO THE END OF THE LIST NOW...

THUD

OH YEAH, RIGHT -- THE DISGRUNTLED-AIRLINE-PASSENGER-VAMPIRE-KILLER GUY...

...WHO WAS WAAAY TOO GOOD TO GET NAILED BY A LEFT CROSS.

THWAK

SO WAS *RED WOLF.*

JACKIE-- DON'T HURT ME-- HAVEN'T WE ALL HURT EACH OTHER ENOUGH ?

HORSE-SHOE ?

NO..

GOTCHA !

IT'S STILL *THERE,* ISN'T IT, JACK ? NO MATTER *HOW* MUCH YOU TRY TO PUSH IT ASIDE !

DON'TCHA KNOW HOW *USELESS* IT IS TO FIGHT IT ?

THE DOUBT ? THE CONFUSION ? THE *HATRED* ?

YES...

... BUT I HAVE TO...

ALL THE GOOD YOU TRY TO DO DON'T AMOUNT TO *SQUAT !*

LET IT OUT, JACK... C'MON... GIVE IT UP...

I CAN'T...

...IT HAS TO... IT HAS TO...

WHY, OH WHY, DO YOU *BOTHER* TO TRY AND HOLD IT ALL IN-- TO KEEP IT ALL TOGETHER ?

DA-DA

THAT'S WHY.

THAT'S THE *ONLY* REASON I NEED.

... I HAVE TO MAKE THEM *BETTER*... FOR *HER*...

TO KEEP GOING -- TO *NEVER* GIVE UP -- NO MATTER HOW *LOUSY* THINGS GET...

SO I GUESS WE HAVE NOTHING TO FIGHT ABOUT, DO WE?

DO YOU *REALLY* BELIEVE THAT?

OKAY, YOU WIN THIS TIME, JACK.

BUT I WON'T GO AWAY. I'LL *NEVER* GO AWAY!

FIGHT'S OVER.

EX-SQUEEZE ME?

REWIND PLEASE -- FIGHT'S *OVER?!*

OVER.

I *DON'T* HATE YOU.

AND I DON'T CARE IF YOU HATE *ME*.

AND I *REFUSE* TO KEEP HATING *MYSELF*.

I MAY NOT BE IN YOUR *FACE*, BUT I'LL ALWAYS BE ON YOUR *MIND*!

AND MAYBE YOU CAN IGNORE ME *TODAY*... BUT TOMORROW -- OR THE DAY AFTER --

-- YOU'LL HATE *AGAIN*!!

I *KNOW* YOU WILL, JACK -- DOESN'T *EVERYBODY?*

TAKES ME AN HOUR TO WALK BACK TO THE ROACH MOTEL.

I'M SO *BRUISED* A SOMALIAN FRUIT INSPECTOR WOULDN'T LET ME PASS THROUGH.

VACANCY

OUT ALL NIGHT, HUH?

YEAH. PLAYIN' WITH THE KID.

UH-HUH

THIS CAME FOR YOU.

DR. FELISA SOTO
30 WICKERSHEIM DR
DALLAS, TEXAS
70246

JACK MONROE
19 D. MCKEGNEY RD.
HOUSTON, TEXAS
70232

FROM *DR. SOTO*? SHE TRACKED ME DOWN.

I LEFT DALLAS IN SUCH A RUSH AFTER WHAT HAPPENED WITH HORSESHOE THAT I FORGOT ABOUT THE *TESTS* I RAN ON BOTH OF US.

SEE IF BUCKY WAS OKAY-- IF SHE WAS *HIV*--OR IF *I* WAS FOR THAT MATTER.

HSHSH.

OKAY. FINE.

LIFE GOES ON.

THE END

ONE FOR THE ROAD

GLENN HERDLING: EDITOR — HECTOR COLLAZO: SIDEKICK

C/O MARVEL COMICS — 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH — NEW YORK, NEW YORK — 10016

ATTENTION CORRESPONDENTS: ALL LETTERS TO BE CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION MUST INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS THOUGH WE WILL WITHHOLD THAT INFO BY REQUEST!

I've got some good news and some bad news. First the bad...our esteemed penciler, Pat Olliffe, is leaving NOMAD. Pat has been with us since issue #4, and we've witnessed the dynamics of his art intensify every issue since then. He will be sorely missed, but you can still catch his awesome artwork in upcoming issues of SHE-HULK and the THOR CORPS Limited Series! Pat will also return here for issue #19 to pencil Nomad's adventure alongside one of Pat's all-time favorites--Captain America!

Now for the good news...replacing Pat will be the astounding talents of newcomer *Rick Mays!* You've thrilled to Rick's art in the controversial NOMAD #11 and again last issue. Rick's scintillating synthesis of Japanese manga and Marvel madness will inject NOMAD with a unique flair to absorb fans of both styles--and then some!

Joining Rick will be another newcomer, inker Greg Adams! You've witnessed Greg's embellishing in the last few issues, and I'm sure you'll agree that he's ready for a full-time assignment.

Welcome to the Road, guys!

Wood shavings!

Glenn

Dear Glenn,

Indian land rights...racial rioting in L.A....gay rights...is this the stuff of modern comic books? You bet it is, and in Fabian's capable hands, these crucial issues are brought to the forefront of the Marvel Universe with a delicate hand. Never preachy, just honest...Nomad is quickly becoming the conscience of Marvel. This is certainly more than I ever had hoped would become of this character, and I applaud all of your efforts.

Issue #12 was just another in a long series of excellent stories, thrusting Nomad into a situation that exists every day, and leaving him to make sense of this mess that we call society. Fabian hit the nail right on the head, the basic root of all prejudice is ignorance. And unfortunately, ignorance spreads more easily than wisdom.

In these days of economic uncertainty, I have been forced to take a long look at my comic collecting habits. As such, I have been paying careful attention to each book that I read to see if I really enjoy it. After reading the last four issues of NOMAD, I can guarantee you that this book will stay on my list for a long time to come.

Todd Severin
7150 Shoreline Dr. #3216
San Diego, CA 92122

"The conscience of Marvel." We like that, Todd. Thanks for sticking around--the best is yet to come!

Dear Glenn and Hector,

AIDS. A very touchy subject. How does one go about discussing it? Easy, right? Wrong. Dead wrong. There are so many things to learn about the deadly disease, that not many people are taking their time to learn about the disease, and how to help themselves from getting it. If everyone were as ignorant as Roar in NOMAD #12, they'd all be doing harm to innocent people like the lynch mob did.

This is a case of art imitating life. In NOMAD #12, the subject is dealt with in only one part of the U.S. Sadly enough, incidents like this occur all over the U.S., and Canada, and everywhere else where ignorance rules.

All too often, people seem to think, "Oh, I'll never get it because I'm not gay," or, "I know my partner is clean, because she/he never did anything to get the disease." Hey, wake up! Unprotected sex, with someone who has AIDS, puts you in danger. Sharing a needle with another who has AIDS will drastically increase your chances for contracting the disease. Some people do get it by blood transfusion. People don't take time to get tested. It doesn't take or cost much.

AIDS is not a gay thing. Heterosexuals get it too. Some people think that they are immortal. They are the stupid ones. You are not immortal. Everyone dies. Death is final. Life is not.

People, get educated on the disease. That is your best protection ever. Knowledge. Jack Monroe got educated, and asked questions and found out about it. He didn't have the moronic attitudes that some Joe Blows have. And he certainly takes a stand against any sign of racism, or ignorance on the part of others. Even though Nomad is just a character that someone created, he is one of many people you could learn from.

There are many things to say and so many ways of getting AIDS, that one letter to the editor won't suffice. This is like I said, a very touchy subject that not many people take their time to learn about it.

Johnny Morielli
8032 Rousselot
Montreal, Quebec
Canada H2E-1Z4

There are a lot of reasons to talk about aids, Johnny, but the best reason to talk about it is education. Educate yourself about aids. Find out how you can protect yourself. If you think there's a possibility you may have the disease, get tested--likeNomad and Bucky.

Dear Glenn,

RE: NOMAD #12.

When people see someone or something that's different from the norm, they react first with fear, rather than curiosity. The fear then evolves into irrational anger and hatred. It doesn't help when an invisible rabble rouser, hiding behind a microphone in the relative safety of a radio station, eggs them on further, convincing them that the "different ones" pose some sort of threat. Reason and common sense become buried beneath misplaced hate. Everyone, then, in any form, is a victim.

AIDS has long been associated with the gay community when in reality even Joe Average can possibly have it while living a normal lifestyle. Gays become easy targets--scapegoats, living symbols of things people do not understand. "The Roar" uses the mobs for his own self-serving ends. Would that his fate were to encounter some gays and examine their lifestyle firsthand.

Epurer wanted to be a friend to Nomad. Not! Here's another walking mass of slime, manipulating as many people as possible to satisfy his own ends. Jack should've beat his butt back in issue #1. Maybe he finally will, after he and Bucky get tested. See you in thirty.

Jacob Gilbert
118 4th St., Apt. #1
Troy, NY 12180

Hate has many forms, and after reading this issue you might realize that the hate that Jack has encountered over the past several issues was aided, in part, by the Hatemonger. If only we could blame the hate that occurs in reality on a being that thrives on it.

NEXT ISSUE: Remember that guy who energized projectiles to deadly effect in issue #7? Nomad killed him, right? Uh-uh. Join us when Nomad takes on the *real*--GAMBIT!